

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 334.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 22.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Nobody can have seen it.

From the German of O. F. GRUPPE.

Fast down the staircase swinging,
With flying feet I past;
Quick up the staircase springing,
He came, and caught me fast;
And the stairs are dark and dim,
Many a kiss I had from him,—
And nobody can have seen it.

Down into the hall demurely—
The guests were assembled there,
My cheeks flushed hot, and surely
My lips did their tale declare.
I thought they looked at me, every one,
And saw what we together had done,—
Yet nobody could have seen it.

The garden its sweets displaying
Beckoned me out of doors;
The welcome call obeying,
I hastened to look at the flowers,—
There blushed the roses all around,
There sang the birds with merry sound,
As if they all had seen it.

S.

"Don Giovanni" arranged for Sig. Mario.

The recent performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Royal Italian Opera, London, (July 29 and 31,) has called out curious comments from the critical press. The *Musical World* says:

What changes were made by Donzelli, Brahman, and the rest, we have no means of ascertaining; but if as many as Signor Alary finds necessary for Signor Mario, it must have been a sad thing for *Don Giovanni*. We feel convinced that one hundred per cent. less meddling with (and muddling) the music of Mozart, would have suited Signor Mario infinitely better. There is no reason why the whole of the introduction should not be sung in the same key—whether that key be F, the original, or a note higher, in which latter case Mad. Grisi would be obliged to strain a point or two. Anything would be better than the introduction "after Signor Alary"—anything would be better than the transposition of the last ten bars in the overture, the rush (or rather tumble) back into the right key, after "Notte e giorno" has been sung in G—than the clambering (or scrambling) a note higher, when Signor Alary is desirous of once more finding himself at G (minor) in the trio for basses—than these and other such barbarities. Anything would be better. A passage or so out of *Nino, Luisa Miller*, or the *Tre Nozze*, would be better. But then Sig. Alary would not have touched £300—and Sig. Alary would have been worse, not better, for that. These are indeed commercial times. Money can command anything, even to the mutilation of a *chef-d'œuvre* that has been honored and revered for well-nigh three quarters of a century. Sig. Alary, however, has acted magnanimously in signing his handwork, which otherwise might have been attributed to Mr. Costa—no, not to Mr. Costa—to Mr. Alfred Mellon—no, not to Mr. Alfred Mellon but to Mr. Horton, an unoffending gentleman, whose worst crime was that of copying out the parts—Sig. Alary's parts—and sticking them into the music books for the orchestra.

"Transpositions were indispensable." Good—but surely not so many. "Alterations were inevitable." True—but surely not such alterations as those which disfigure the quartet in B flat

(Act I.) and the trio in A (Act II.). About the recitatives there may be conflicting opinions. Ours is, that for the most part they have been awkwardly accommodated to the voice of Sig. Mario, who is often restrained by them where fluency is most desirable.

To leave this part of the subject, however, (which we shall re-consider on a future occasion), and to be purely and briefly historical—*Don Giovanni* was presented on Thursday (and will be repeated to-night) with the following cast:

Don Giovanni, (first time,) Sig. Mario; Leporello, (first time,) Sig. Ronconi; Zerlina, Mad. Bosio; Donna Anna, Mad. Grisi; Donna Elvira, Madlle. Marai; Don Ottavio, Sig. Tamberlik; Masetto, Sig. Polonini; Commendatore, Sig. Tagliafico.

The house was crammed to the ceiling—as might, indeed, have been anticipated. The excitement was very great, and augmented as the opera went on. There were six encores: "La ci darem" (Bosio and Mario), "Batti, batti" (Bosio), the trio of masks (Grisi, Marai, and Bosio), "Deh vieni alla finestra" (Mario), "Vedrai carino" (Bosio), and "Il mio tesoro" (Tamberlik).

For the present we would rather suspend our opinion of the new *Don Giovanni* and the new *Leporello*, both of whom must get accustomed to their parts before they can do full justice to themselves, to the music, and to the drama: but we are much mistaken if Sig. Mario and Sig. Ronconi do not in the end far more than realize all that was expected of them. The other characters were unexceptionable. Mad. Bosio sang deliciously. Madlle. Marai very cleverly, and Sig. Tamberlik superbly. Sig. Tagliafico and Sig. Polonini should have medals struck in their honor, as the very acme of perfection in their respective characters of the Commandant and Masetto. Mad. Grisi's Donna Anna, (although, unfortunately, "Or sai chi l'onore" was transposed a tone,) could hardly be surpassed in grandeur. The orchestra was magnificent (in spite of the brass and the cymbals); and the chorus every thing that could possibly be desired. But why not Mozart's score, instead of three trombones at the "wings," in the scene of the cemetery? And where was the chorus of demons when *Don Giovanni* is dragged away to punishment?

To-night will, in a great measure, decide what Thursday has left undecided. To-night will either fulfil or disappoint expectation. To-night will show whether (thanks to Sig. Mario,) Sig. Alary's *Don Giovanni* is to become a fixture in the repertory, or to be abandoned as "perfunctory." But of that, the general "getting up" of the opera, and several other matters connected with it, more—much more—in our next.

The same paper casts a glance or two around, during the performance, to see how its neighbor critics look, and pleasantly reports as follows:

THE "DON GIOVANNI" CONTROVERSY.

We may as well call it so, for controversy it is sure to be. All who swear by Her Majesty's Theatre will be deeply offended at the liberties taken with Mozart's text by the singers of the Royal Italian Opera. A classic fit will seize on everybody, from Mad. Puzzi to Mr. Fish. And so it should be. What we hope from the result is, that the indignation hurled against the murderers of Mozart will have not only the effect of purifying Mr. Gye, but that Mr. Lumley himself may profit by it—since he also has a murder or so to answer for.

The press has not yet—with the exception of the *Advertiser* and the *Telegraph*, the first of which is cautiously, the other furiously "classic"—declared itself in full. The rigid *Post*, however,

and the bending *Herald* have issued short paragraphs, which are so strongly opposed that we cite them both, as signs—not of the "Times," but of the "Post" and "Herald."

POST.

"Last evening the opera of *Don Giovanni*, with Mozart's music altered and arranged by Sig. Alary, was performed at the above theatre.

"The transpositions of key were as under: 'La ci darem,' from A to C. 'Or sai chi l'onore,' from D to C. 'Fin ch' an dal vino,' from B flat to D. 'Deh vieni alla finestra,' from D to G (only a fourth)—'O statua gentilissima,' from E to G. To the overture two horns, three trombones, and an ophicleide were added. To the *finale* to the original first act the same instruments, invigorated by the *grosse caisse* and cymbals. Where the keys of *Don Giovanni's* music were not altered, the notes were. The opera was also divided into four acts, another entirely novel arrangement. To compensate, however, for additions, several pieces, namely, 'Ho capito,' 'Dalla sua pace,' and 'Non mi dir,' were omitted. The encores, notwithstanding, were numerous, and the applause throughout warm, if not violently enthusiastic."

HERALD.

"The production of *Don Giovanni*, with Signor Mario in the character of the dauntless libertine, and Signor Ronconi in that of his faithful attendant, has been long looked forward to as an event of unusual interest, and its fulfilment, last night, was witnessed by the most crowded audience that has been seen within the walls of the new theatre. For the present we can but record the complete success of the performance. Those who expected to see in Signor Mario a *Don Giovanni* unprecedentedly handsome and gallant, and noble in bearing, were not disappointed; and those who anticipated a want of due effect in the music, through the changes necessitated in order to de-barytoneize the part, were mistaken in their previsions. The usual encores occurred in the usual places, and the reception of Signor Mario, who was called forward between the acts and at the fall of the curtain, was most enthusiastic."

The *Post*, in the fulness of its classicity, might have added "Notte e giorno" (from F to G), and the trio for Giovanni, Leporello, and the moribund (from F minor to G minor), to the transpositions.

The *Advertiser* is, as usual, a model, *sui generis*. Annoyed, as an amateur so keenly alive to the gradations of tone would naturally be, the critic, nevertheless, resigns himself (after declaring that "the overture was the perfection of instrumentation") to the desecration of Mozart, on the following philosophic grounds:

"The first scene, with its 'Notte e giorno,' convinced us, and every subsequent one confirmed the conviction, that we must content ourselves with a compromise, and give up the music and the bass-ground of the concerted pieces, *vice* an extra-comic reading and an exuberance of humor—in voice, manner, and gesture—in the representative of *Leporello*. Those not present who have heard Ronconi's 'Largo al factotum,' can imagine 'Notte e giorno,' which was its counterpart."

The startling information of "Notte e giorno" being a counterpart of "Largo al factotum" is succeeded by an equally philosophic apology for Signor Mario:

"Mario's entrance was greeted, despite the incongruity of the scene with such an interpolation. He played admirably in the brief contest, and delivered the lines, 'Ah! già cadde lo sciagurato,' with a clear ring that, for an instant, reconciled us to a tenor *Don Juan*."

Remark that neither "incongruity" nor "interpolation" has been hinted at before. The "clear ring," however, may reconcile us to that seeming inconsequence. Madlle. Marai is praised for her singing "to the asides of Mario and Ronconi," and the latter for his "very curious version of 'Madamina'"—the curiosity of which escaped us, since he sang every note of it, and in the right key. The following is not less "perfunctory":

"Viva la libertà" was certainly not above average, and the finale to the act was better historically than musically; that is to say, more justice was done to Lorenzo da Ponte than to Wolfgang Mozart."

The truth is that the first *finale* was never more magnificently executed; but the *Advertiser* has evidently been used to the political version of "Viva la libertà," in which (for the sake of an *encore*), the singers vociferate "Pray make yourself at home," as if it was a revolutionary poem. Sig. "Tamberlik sang 'Terzi il ciglio' earnestly." What, may we ask, is "Terzi il ciglio"? To have done, however, here is the summing-up of our conscientious and much-perplexed contemporary:

"We should like to witness, at least once again, this version of the greatest opera extant. Our veneration for Mozart renders us tenacious of this return to a system of dealing with the works of great composers, which we had hoped had passed away. We are bound, however, to admit, that, compared with the enormities of "adaptation," as it was called, perpetrated by Bishop, M. Alary has held his hand remarkably. The Covent Garden Opera has too great resources, and Mario and Ronconi too high a reputation, to necessitate such a mode of dealing with the great works of great authors. So much of the opera was rendered in a manner to do honor to any stage, that it is with regret we record our unfavorable impression of the effect of this change in the vocal proportions of the opera, as it came in its perfection from the hands of its composer."

This is, at least, courteous, and for one of such fierce classical prejudices, conciliating.

The *Telegraph* is savage beyond measure, besides being wholly forgetful that sad shortcomings have been visited with urbane indulgence—not to say downright eulogy—in another place.

We shall return next week to the subject, which will doubtless supply abundant room for comment up to the end of the season.

The *Athenæum* (July 31) does not care to have "classicality" run itself into the ground, and thus remarks in advance of the performance:

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The late period of the week at which the long-talked-of revival of "Don Giovanni" took place, and the remarkable interest attaching to it, render inevitable the postponement of a detailed account of its performance till next week. But a study of its "cast" may, meanwhile, be offered as prefatory. It required no sibyl to foresee the stir sure to be excited by the changes necessary to render "Don Giovanni" possible by the artists engaged in it at the *Royal Italian Opera*; and Mr. Gye doubtless considered beforehand that he must prepare to strike a balance betwixt the admiration sure to be at the service of Signor Mario as the *Don*, and of the astuteness and comicality of Signor Ronconi as *Leporello*—and the groans of the classicists affronted and afflicted at the hands of irreverent adaptation laid on Mozart. That the latter, when over-puritanical, are anything rather than classical, we have said often and again; nothing can be more puerile or ignorant (for instance) than their crusade against singers' ornaments in music which it was intended that singers should ornament. We know, also, that the present arrangement of "Don Giovanni" is not altogether new, as a piece of sacrilege (if such it is to be considered), since Garcia and Signor Donzelli and other tenors, whose voices had power in their lower register, have already ventured it. We may thirdly point out that the one only *basso cantante* who, for the last quarter of a century, has been acceptable as *Don Giovanni* was Signor Tamburini,—the part requiring the combination of qualities, natural and acquired, which is among the rarest things in opera. Perhaps, therefore, until some courtly, chivalresque, handsome, rakish southern, with a bass voice both long and light, complete as a musician and as a vocalist, and lively without coarseness as an actor, shall arrive—such a performance of Mozart's opera as should be given implies a choice of evils. But one evil is not, therefore, to be overlooked—especially by those who protest the loudest against Art being trammelled by prudery. Change of passage is one thing—change of texture another. Not all Malibran's wondrous fire and audacity—

not all the life and passion with which she animated the stage, could avert an important loss of force and brightness, to the music of "Fidelio," when she was the *Leonora*. The inspiration was there—often the precise notes—even the modifications were effected with an ingenuity admirable in itself; but the quality of sound required was wanting. A preternatural viola leading a quartet would not be satisfactory as replacing a mediocre violin. So again, in spite of all Signor Ronconi's stage genius and ability to make the most of every quarter of a tone of the limited voice with which Nature has endowed him, it is impossible to avoid feeling how perilously the music of "Guillaume Tell" is weakened, and how some of its greatest effects are utterly lost when he sings the principal part. In "Don Juan," it must be felt, that the score rests on two basses beyond what is common. Not merely have the Libertine and his familiar to keep the scene alive by their action; but the amount of musical weight and responsibility devolving on them will be seen at a glance by any one who looks no further than the opening scene—or at the first *finale*—or at the sestet "Sola, sola"—or at the cemetery duet. In all these (and they are four of the most dramatically and musically important portions of the opera), substitution not of notes only, but even of one tone for another, must be attended with loss. We must consider, when we record what happened and is happening at Covent Garden, how these difficulties, which there is no evading or denying, have been met.

Truth about Music and Musicians.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

II.

ON MODERN GERMAN COMPOSERS IN GENERAL.

"Nous avons des produits, nous n'avons plus d'œuvres."

DE BALZAC.

The culminating point to which creative tonal art has, as yet, been carried (I do not say to which it may be carried), was attained by Beethoven. This giant spirit has been succeeded by no composer who, for genius, may be compared to, or preferred above him. Should any individual claim such distinction for some modern master, you may confidently tax him with impudent puffery or blind idolatry. I have detailedly proved my assertion in my letters on the most remarkable composers who have succeeded Beethoven; and now it only remains for me to speak generally of the weaknesses and deficiencies discernible in the newest school, and of those which are, to a certain degree, its characteristics.

Most of our modern composers are deficient in clear, ascertained, and intimate knowledge respecting the aim and resources of their art.

Every musical piece should induce particular sentiments in an audience, and express particular ideas; but every thought should and must be depicted in a certain form, and, indeed, in the form best adapted to it. Form is the salver, so to speak, upon which thought may be gracefully presented and easily discerned. All those things which are defective in form are unbeautiful, for they contravene the desire of human nature for order, law, and regularity. He who should assert that a musician need not restrain himself to given forms, or need not observe any form at all, would speak as nonsensically as he who should declare monsters to be idealized creatures.

Unfortunately, in many modern works we miss regular and therefore beautiful form, and find, in its stead, formlessness—that is, a heap of ideas thrown wildly and promiscuously together, without order and without meaning. Why is this? Some know not what form should be; they have, if I may so express myself, no musical logic in their heads. Others, on the contrary, consider absence of rule and form to be novel (this it is, but it is not good), or to denote genius, and to be an opening "to new paths."

When listening to modulations roaming into every possible key, on every possible occasion, I can but suppose that he who misemploys these is not aware that modulation of key is merely an echo to modulation of sentiments, and should only represent and reflect back the varying emotions of the human heart.

Consider Papageno piping his cheerful song, and, in juxtaposition, Don Giovanni, when visited by his supernatural guest. Examine, in both pieces, the harmonic and modulatory treatment, and you will be struck by the propriety, the faithfulness, the consistency of the chords and modulation employed by Mozart. You will find in *Papageno* the greatest simplicity—in *Don Giovanni*, on the contrary, complex

harmonies and rugged transitions. Examine, in comparison, any work of one of the lauded modern composers, and you will not require to search long before you find the simplest emotions described by intricate harmonies and modulations.

This ignorance of appropriate musical coloring is also displayed in the extravagant use of instrumental masses occasionally, as a general habit, and occasionally for inappropriate passages. The introduction, in equal portions, of contradictory colors, is as great a defect as the employment of false colors; a masterpiece will only result from contrast skillfully adjusted.

Should a painter place a blooming rose-bush in a winter landscape, or should he paint a green sky and red water, everyone would be shocked at his ignorance or madness; but is it not as outrageous for a composer (you may hear this and similar effects often enough, at present,) to accompany the pathetic lamentation of a tender virgin with blasts of trumpets and trombones? Do not think that I exaggerate. In Kreutzer's *Nachlager von Granada*, for instance, the complaint of the maiden for her lost dove is accompanied by trumpets, drums, and trombones!

Why do the moderns err so constantly in like manner? I will answer you by a sentence from Lessing: "All rules were then confounded, and it was generally declared pedantic to dictate unto Genius what it ought and what it ought not to do. In short, we were on the point of recklessly throwing aside the experience of past ages, and of demanding, in preference, that each man should re-create Art for himself!"

This is perfectly applicable to our music. All wish to be free, and consider every rule as a shackle. Not only are ancient theories suppressed (against this I have nothing to object), but the eternal laws of truth and beauty, that alone can satisfy, are rejected, and thus ensues, not freedom, but license.

Perhaps it must be confessed that Hegel's philosophy, which so long reigned in Germany, has influenced our German music, at least some composers, with regard to manner. For, as many imitators of Hegel imagined they had said something very sapient and profound when they disguised their insignificant thoughts in strange phrases, insulting to Man's understanding, so that no one knew what they meant—thus, also, many composers think to elevate themselves above others, by straying from the traditional language of Music, and forming gibberish phrases from which nobody can glean sense, and which cause me to ask: "Musique, que me veux-tu?"

A crying defect, which accounts in great measure for the above evil, is the want of earnest and comprehensive study.

Glance backward to our great masters? How long, and with what zeal, did Haydn labor through the works of *Bach*, and, especially, through the severe exercises of *Fux's Gradus ad Parnassum*? How diligently did Mozart pursue the study of counterpoint in all its divers branches! And what mastery did he thus obtain over the disposition of inner parts; with what ease and charm did he know how to employ the most scientific combinations belonging to our Art! It is no wonder that he succeeded in whatever he attempted, and had the power of presenting each theme in the best and purest form. "Perfected strength alone can give perfect grace."

On the other hand, assemble living composers, and demand from them proofs of their skill—of their facility in the use of contrapuntal art; demand from each, for instance, a fugue—a double or triple fugue—which cannot be produced without the knowledge and practice of canon, and of the different double counterpoints;—you will find that only one in ten can write a fugue—a double or triple fugue—and that will be a bad one; only one in a hundred will accomplish it without fault.

Such ignorance of technical knowledge and technical practice is incompatible with the creation of a great musical masterpiece; we might as reasonably expect that a mason's apprentice should build a palace, or that a color grinder should paint a Raphael-esque Madonna. The result of this want of technical knowledge and practice is an infinity of ballads, etudes, pot-pourris, fantasias, or whatever else such frothy ware may be titled, which overwhelms us in the present period. Composers shrink from the grander forms of the symphony, the sonata, or the quartet; for these require consistent treatment and thematic development of musical phrases. When these composers, notwithstanding their deficiencies in science and experience, attempt greater works, these must be meaningless, empty productions, that flit like shadows across the public mind, and disappear for ever.

The want of earnest study accounts for the superficiality which forms a salient feature of the new school. As none are fitted, by severe and constant study, to produce lasting works, application is absent; thus writers are incapable of devoting themselves with requisite perseverance to one work, and of laboring unceasingly to obtain the proper and faithful pre-

sentiment of their ideas, which should be altered and improved until the whole creation be really perfected in all its details.

In the biographies of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, every student may read how long these masters sought after a theme—how long they altered and improved it, until they judged it worthy of treatment. That which the ancients sought for during weeks and months, the moderns demand in an instant, and take the first which occurs for the best.

The greatest masters in all arts have held superficiality of study to be a principal cause of the dearth of solid works. Not a single immortal production exists which was not completed by arduous industry. Schiller says: "For years and years a master toils, and yet can never satisfy himself;" and on another occasion he even speaks thus: "Genius is industry," as, before him, Buffon had said: "Genius is patience." Rellstab adds: "And all those who have endeavored by the sturdy exertion of their whole powers, to develop the artistic capabilities lying dormant within them, will appreciate the truth of these apparently strange words." Goethe says: "By continuous research we may raise the Imperfect to the Perfect." Lessing declares: "I am more suspicious of 'first thoughts' than were ever De la Casa and old Shandy, for even though I hold them not for investigations of the wicked Enemy, real or allegoric, yet I always opine that 'first thoughts' are merely 'first,' and that the best bits do not always swim at the top of a soup. My first thoughts are assuredly not a whit better than anybody else's first thoughts, and—ANYBODY'S thoughts need not be printed and published!" Carl Maria von Weber speaks thus: "Strenuous industry is the magical conjuration which summons to our aid the subtle spirits of Imagination. How foolish is it to believe that severe study lames the powers of the soul!" and thus Lichtenberg: "It has been asserted that men have existed who, in penning down an idea at once found the best form for its representation. I scarcely believe this. The question will always remain, whether the expression might not have been improved by re-considering the idea itself; whether a more condensed sentence might not have been preferable, whether some words were not superfluous, and so forth. It is not in human nature to write, for example, like Tacitus, in an off-hand, dice-throwing wise. Careful purification and polish are as essential to propriety, in the presentation of an idea, as of the human body." And thus Börne: "If there be a talent, which may be cultivated by industry, it is that of style. No one should immediately write down all that pops into his head, and no one should immediately print all that he has written down."

It was reserved for the modern *hurry-forward* school to throw overboard these old-fashioned views, to raise up the exact contrary into a rule, and to conceive rapidly in composition to be a sign of genius, because Schiller says (but *ironically*): "The gift of genius is bestowed in dreams." But—lightly come, lightly gone! The evanescent creations of an hour are like the ephemeral myriads, which buzz and dance for a short day, in order—to die; while the works of our masters endure in inexhaustible vitality and eternal beauty.

Besides other evils two extremes disfigure our modern music. Firstly, it is too heavy and unmelodious. Beethoven, in his latter days, became deaf, melancholy, suspicious, and misanthropic; and his works, as naturally ensues, are influenced by his gloomy imagination and his disturbed equanimity of mind: now, as these identical works have been, and are extolled by critics, as the most excellent and profound creations of his gigantic spirit, poor imitators fancy that their works will resemble those of Beethoven, if they, like him, become melancholy, or, at any rate, compile melancholy, gloomy, and inexplicable works. This feeling has prevailed so long that the best of the moderns do not dare to raise a cheerful strain, or publish a simply-constructed, naturally flowing, and generally intelligible melody, because they fear that critics will denounce them as unscientific and frivolous.

"Life is serious, let Art be gay." Many of our modern German composers seem to have forgotten that Art must procure enjoyment for mankind; and we may unfortunately class among novel inventions, the use of music as a means of filling the soul with dark and dismal dreams, and of oppressing the mind with Alp-like heaviness. Agreeable melody is contemned, and therefore many modern symphonies contain not one single melodious phrase to which the sensations of a listener's breast may respond.

Besides agreeable melody, some moderns condemn unsophisticated human feelings, such as peace, pathetic emotion, &c., and throw themselves exclusively into a frenzy of the wildest passions, which ought to be seldom displayed, and then, merely as a means of contrast.

In the meanwhile, the public enjoys surreptitiously,

so to speak, that which it really loves. It is to be hoped that a prediction which I have somewhere read, will soon be verified: "At length, however, the million must discover that, with the exception, perhaps, of some popular dance-tunes, the music written for its entertainment consists of nothing but a thick fog of tones."

As every extreme calls forth its opposite, so, many of our modern musicians are too inconsiderate and frivolous. This is mostly evinced in piano-forte music, under the shape of countless "pot-pourris" from new Italian and French airs; but all these concoctions are greedily bought, which clearly proves that lovers of music yearn after melody.

Up to Beethoven's epoch, the language of sound became more and more distinct, more defined, and therefore more generally intelligible. But Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, knew clearly what they wished to say, and rested not until they found for their thoughts the aptest and most intelligible expressions. Many of the moderns do not really know what they would say or express in their compositions; they are not thoroughly conscious of their aim, and therefore clutch, at hazard, among musical phrases. Can we then wonder that the public cannot tell what such works signify—that it hears them without enthusiasm, or even prefers not to hear them at all? When originally-powerful and heart-stirring ideas fail, it is the fashion to be striking by force of blows, on cymbals, drums, and kettle-drums, and to impress the ear, if not the heart. If some of our composers had no brass at their command, sadly would their music be wanting in effect.

Another evil is the mania for originality, which causes writers, deficient in all which constitutes true originality, to substitute for it unnatural, harsh modulations, violent and unconnected phrases, unheard-of harmonic combinations, and an utter disregard of all rule. But a noble idea makes the deepest impression in a natural form; only worthless ideas need decking out, to look like something.

Evils, again, are the desire of being in print as soon as possible, which furnishes the world with much unripe stuff;—and the ease with which transitory fame may be obtained by the hot-house process of newspaper puffery and party-spirit adulation.

I will continue this subject in a future letter. For the present, adieu.

From the New York Tribune, Aug. 20.

German Student Celebration in New York.

Love for Alma Mater—the sad longing and yearning that attends us throughout our whole life for the scene of our first manly joys and triumphs—is one of the nobler sentiments that is felt by college students and graduates of all countries and nations alike. But especially does the German student carry this feeling to a sentimental pitch. So delightful are his reminiscences of the jovial, riotous *Burschen Leben*, that ever afterward he is accustomed to denounce the day of his being graduated as the saddest one of his life; and scarcely a single individual of them leaves his university for the last time, to enter anew into Philister life, without shedding bitter tears. During his career as a student, however, there is little evidence of this feeling which is to sadden and embitter his existence; for a more practical, matter-of-fact personage than the German student is seldom seen. He is practical in his dress and recreations, his friendships and his quarrels, (which latter are made capable of scientific adjustment) his scores and his settlement; and, above all, he is practical in his pursuit of pleasure. "Physiology and statistics," says a writer on this subject, "are the principal branches to which the student directs his attention during the earlier years of his academical life. He confines his exertions to that portion of the former science which treats of the growth of hair on the upper lip and chin, while with regard to the latter he devotes himself with the most intense application to the study of the number and accommodations of the different places of amusement and houses of entertainment in the town where he resides." He is a firm believer in the philosophy contained in that famous couplet of Martin Luther:

"Who loves not Woman, Wine, nor Song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

and equally zealous in the service of Venus, Bacchus, and Apollo, it would be difficult to say which of the three qualifications for wisdom contained in the verse occupies the most important place in his affections.

Whenever the operation may have been performed in the flesh, the German is first born in the spirit when he enters a university. Minerva-like, he comes in booted and spurred with a sword dangling by his side. It is long, however, before he adopts the olive-branch for his symbol. In the mean time there is a peculiar life before him, of which we in this country

know very little. An unceasing succession of intrigues and feasts; friendships formed, and, what is better, adhered to; duels fought, and countless scars given and received; beside a mighty consumption of tobacco and lager beer—mark the course of life pursued by the German student, until he unfortunately—as he himself describes it—graduates, and, covered with the fig-leaves of a successful *examen*, sees the flaming sword of Eternity interposed between him and his Paradise. What wonder, then, that in whatever path he may direct his course through the world, his mind clings with unfaltering affection to the scene of his early pleasures—to the spot where he embraced, for the last time, his associates, "mossed over" with the accumulations of many semesters? Whether his life is marked with happiness or full of care and trials, his fondest thoughts are sure to be those connected with his *Bursch* life in the University.

Accordingly, when it was announced that the University of Jena, whose history is linked with that of Klopstock, Fichte, Schlegel, Schiller, and a host of lesser lights, intended to celebrate on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of this month her three hundredth anniversary—when it was understood that Humboldt and several other octogenarian graduates of the last century were to honor the celebration with their presence—and particularly when the news arrived that the town rulers had decided to present the students with two entire brewings of beer, although with praiseworthy economy they refused to add to the gift *seidels* to drink it from—those of her proud graduates who, whether from reasons political or ambitious, had taken up their abode in this city, determined to have a celebration on their own account simultaneously with their friends at home. Months ago a committee was appointed to take charge of the matter, and finally it was decided to have a grand *Commerz* or Beer Festival, in which all the parties above-mentioned, except a few who went to Europe expressly to attend the celebration at home, pledged themselves to participate.

On Tuesday night the festival came off in the Constance Brewery in East Fourth street. The hall in the second story of the building was decorated in the most elaborate manner, the walls being hung with wreaths, in the midst of which appeared the colors and arms or *circuli* of the various student associations of Germany. These were shields bearing the initial letters of each association or *Verbindung*, traversed by a letter C, representing *Circulus*, and beneath, the letter V, for *vivat*. Thus the letter W, with a C through it, implied *Circulus Westphalia vivat*. Between the shields, of which there were a large number, were arranged in rows, the weapons used by the students when giving vent to their duelling proclivities. In the front of the room was a large transparency, representing a student and a knight—emblematic of the *Burschenschaft* and *Chorburschen*—shaking hands across the coat of arms of the German empire. Above was inscribed, "*Semper floreat Jena*," and beneath, the figures 1558—1858. On each side of the transparency were inscribed, in alphabetical order, the names of all the German universities. At one end of the room were engravings of the town of Jena and portraits of many of her students.

So much for the decorations, which were merely incidental, and had nothing to do with the ceremonies of the evening. In the centre of the room were ranged two tables, on each end of which lay two broadswords with basket hilts, such as are used in the duels at Jena. About one hundred ex-students were present to participate in the festival, some of them young, the majority middle-aged, and some, again, old and silver-haired, but all of them merry and full of glee at the prospect of once more enjoying one of the favorite festivals of their youth. It was a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of exactly the same scenes as were taking place at that very moment in Jena; and we doubt whether a more truthful picture of at least one phase of German student-life has ever been witnessed in this city. Nearly all the persons present wore the self-same little, flat, vari-colored caps which they had worn while in the University; and although the dresses were thoroughly American, and evidently selected with a view to the warmth of the evening, still a few peculiar costumes were to be seen, among which the short blue blouse, with two silver crossed hammers on the shoulders, worn by some mining students from Freiburg, in Saxony, were most conspicuous. The appointed hour approaching, they all took their seats at the tables, and proceeded to make preparations for remaining where they were, by laying before them their snuff-boxes, papers of smoking tobacco, and their cigars, and as the smoke began to rise in clouds above their heads, cries of "Beer!" rose wildly in the air, and drew a timid echo from the crowd of wondering urchins outside.

At nine o'clock the band opened the festivities by playing a German national air, which had no sooner ceased than order was called by the Presiding Com-

mittee, members of which, standing at the head of each table, struck violently upon it with the swords we have mentioned, until the clatter was so great that it was impossible to converse, and order being thus compelled, the opening speech was delivered by Dr. Rittler, the oldest Jena student in the city, a gentleman of venerable gray locks, who has seen thirty-seven years slip by him since he retired into Philister life. He dwelt at some length upon the object of the celebration, and after thanking the representatives of other Universities and the strangers for their presence, he declared the festival to be opened. Rapidly emptied mugs greeted this announcement, and the band struck up the first song:

"Beloved brethren, welcome here,
With heart and hand we greet ye."

After each verse the rattling of the swords prevented all other interruption, and the company remained silent, or fortified themselves with draughts of beer for the exertion of singing the next stanza.

At the conclusion of the song Dr. C. Schramm was announced as the next speaker. He spoke for some minutes, drawing a picture of what was then taking place at home, leading his hearers from one locality in Jena to another, describing the festivals in "Paradies," and the neighboring hamlets, until finally the pent-up feelings of his listeners could no longer be restrained, but burst out in a prolonged shout that shook the building. His speech was the longest of the evening, and was followed by a drinking song, concluding with the following philosophical sentiment:

"When our strength has left us,
And God of Wine bereft us,
Then, old Charon, we will follow thee."

The beer drinking was now at its height, and the distracted waiters ran frantically to and fro in the vain attempt to supply all at once. A vapor like that which exhales from the mouth of Erebus filled the room, and made a perceptible, almost tangible darkness. Around the room, in kaleidoscopic groups, the old affectionate Burschen caressed each other with the fondness of girls, as they went over, in imagination, the scenes which, years before, they had shared. Not the least pleasant feature of the evening was the fact that several recognitions took place between friends who had separated forever, as they thought, in the fatherland, but who had all been brought by the mysterious dispensations of Providence to the New World, where they had lived some time in the same city without knowing of each others' presence here. The pleasure of such recognitions, made on such an occasion, can only be appreciated by those fully conversant with the deep sentimental spirit of affection that pervades the Teutonic character, and which Emerson is pleased to attribute to the Anglo-Saxon also, and to all the races which ramify from that mighty parent stock.

We must pass hastily over the speech delivered in Latin by Professor Flüster, from Vienna, which was greeted with appreciative applause, though a company of American students would scarcely have understood a single sentence contained in it—as well as over the speech in English by Mr. Parker, of this city, and the eloquent address of Dr. Rothe, which was received with great enthusiasm. A Dr. Bergmann endeavored to get a hearing, but his words took such a political sanguinary hue that he was put down, after a combat in words that, had the company been composed of Americans, would have resulted in a fight and ended in the station-house. These we pass by to say a few words concerning the singing of "Der Landessänger," which concluded the ceremonies. The company, being seated *vis-à-vis*, sang the *Weihelied*, or Consecration Song, and at the concluding verse the persons standing at the head of the tables proceeded along the sides, placing in each individual's left hand a sword, and in the right a seidel of beer. This sword the person receiving it struck as though fencing against that of his opposite neighbor, and at the last line of the stanza, taking off his hat, ran the sword through it up to the hilt, and drank off his beer to the "welfare of the fatherland." This was repeated with each person in order, and when the swords were entirely covered with hats, the ceremony was repeated and the hats were returned to their owners. In doing this they were taking oaths of fidelity to Germany and the German institutions, especially that of Burschendom.

This concluded the order of ceremonies, and now, according to the programme, the "feast ended and the pleasure began." The hand of time was on the stroke of one, and our reporter, regretful of the maxim,

"Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er,
Lest tongue and feet should stumble drinking more,"

left the gay party growing merrier every instant, and lighted by the burning of City Hall, wended his solitary way homeward.

(From *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*, July 26th.)

Mr. Leslie's "Judith."

This work, which we have reason to expect will be a highly interesting feature of our approaching Festival, is from the pen of a young composer, Mr. Henry Leslie, who, though educated as an amateur, has gained a distinguished position among the musical artists of the day. His reputation for several years has been gradually rising. His oratorio of *Immanuel* has been received as the first fruits of a genius destined to high achievements; and his second work of the same class, about to see the light in the Town Hall of Birmingham, will, we doubt not, more than fulfill the promise given by the first.

Having had the opportunity of examining the score of this oratorio, we feel ourselves entitled to speak with some confidence of its merits and probable success.

In respect to subject, *Judith* has greatly the advantage of its predecessor, *Immanuel*, which, with all its musical merit, creates an impression of heaviness; being too much of the nature of an exposition of abstract religious truths. *Judith* is a dramatic poem, full of stirring incidents, calculated to excite strong interest, and affording ample room for musical expression and effect. The story of the poem is told by its title; for who does not know the Jewish heroine, whose arm, by a single blow, delivered her country from the Assyrian yoke? The subject, strictly speaking, can scarcely be termed sacred, as the Apocryphal books are not admitted by our Church into the canon of Scripture. Yet, though we deny their claim to inspiration, we receive them as trustworthy portions of Jewish history; and history contains few things grander or more beautiful than the noble stand made by the Jewish people, under the Maccabees and their other heroic leaders, against the gathering storms which surrounded them on every side, and at length swept them from among the nations.

The poem is by Henry F. Chorley, a gentleman of well-known literary ability. In constructing it he has adopted the language of the original narrative, intermixed with appropriate passages from other parts of Scripture.

It is in three parts, or scenes. The first, entitled "The Besieged City," paints the internal condition of Bethulia when Holofernes and the Assyrian host sit down before its walls. While the people are distracted by fear and disunion, Judith appears among them, rebukes them for their want of confidence in the Most High, announces her design to attempt their deliverance, and departs, followed by the prayers and blessings of the priests and people. The second part, called "The Camp of the Assyrians," describes the arrival of Judith and her attendant in the camp; her introduction to the Assyrian chief; the blandishments wherewith she captivates him; the banquet to which he invites her; and the orgies in which she pretends to join, while she watches for the moment when she may strike the blow. In the third part, "Night and Daybreak," we have the completion of the enterprise, and the deliverance of the city, celebrated by songs of praise and thanksgiving.

We may now point out a few remarkable passages in the music. An instrumental introduction, well calculated to awaken attention, is followed by a chorus of the people of the beleaguered city, in the gloomy key of F minor, commencing in a suppressed and scarcely audible murmur, indicative of dismay, but gradually rising to an expression of firmness and resolution. This chorus at once shows the facility and clearness with which the composer manages large masses of humanity. It leads to a duet for a soprano and tenor voice, "Spare thy people, O Lord," remarkable for the graceful flow of the solo parts, and the soft, subdued harmony of the accompanying chorus. A brief recitative describes the suffering of the besieged people, dying of famine. Thy rise in their despair, and clamor violently for peace. This scene is graphically represented by a succession of brief impetuous choruses of the people mingled with the replies of Ozias, the chief of the city, who endeavors to calm and encourage the multitude. Suddenly Judith appears among them, and in a recitative of great energy reproves their violence, and exhorts them to trust in the Almighty. They answer in one voice, "Pray for us, for thou art a godly woman!" The prayer of Judith, in answer to this appeal, is an air of great beauty and deep solemnity, which, as delivered by Madame Viardot, will be one of the most impressive passages in the oratorio. A brief chorus of the people concludes the first part.

The scene now changes to the besieger's camp, and the second part opens with a monologue of Holofernes—an air in a pompous and grandiose style, characteristic of the leader of the Assyrian host, and admirably calculated to display the powers of a fine barytone voice. Judith and her attendant appear in the camp, and are surrounded by the soldiers, whose

hasty questions, with her brief replies, are treated in that terse and dramatic manner of which we find such remarkable instances in *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. The soldiers escort her to the general's tent, and while she is waiting for admission, her attendant, Amital, addresses her in words of counsel and encouragement; a situation which introduces a magnificent air by the principal soprano (Judith's part being a contralto), "The Lord preserveth all them that love Him." It is the bold and open key of A major, and full of brilliant passages demanding a voice of great power, compass, and flexibility. They are then admitted into the presence of Holofernes, and the interview assumes the form of a trio between the general and the two females—a concerted piece equally dramatic and beautiful, in which the characters of the different persons are finely discriminated and sustained. It is elaborated with masterly skill, and contains several striking effects of modulation, especially a transition from the principal key G, at once to E flat. This trio will be one of the most marked features of the oratorio. The finale to this part is a remarkable piece of sound-painting. The shouts of Holofernes and his joyous company, "Come, drink, and be merry with us!" the gay rhythm of the music, accompanied by the barbaric clang of brazen instruments, suggesting the idea of martial pomp mingled with songs and dances—while the two Jewish women, apart from the rest, are heard from time to time to utter ominous words to each other; all these things unite to form a picture which brings, as it were, the whole scene before our eyes.

In the third part, the sounds of the revel continue to be heard, but they are waxing low. The feasters are still singing their bacchanalian choros, but in faint and drowsy murmurs, while the two Jewish women are repeating to each other the legend of Jael and Sisera, their suppressed voices mingling with the dying choros. At length Holofernes is left asleep upon his couch, with Judith alone in the tent. She implores the Divine aid in a short air or cavatina, for the composer appears to have wisely judged that this situation could not be protracted; but the air is beautiful and full of the deepest expression. The deed of blood, rendered heroic by patriotism, is narrated in recitative, accompanied by the orchestra in agitated chords and modulations. The recitative goes on to relate the escape of Judith, and her return to the gates of Bethulia. Her call, "Open now the gates! God, even our God, is with us!" is a grand piece of musical declamation, quite suited to the great performer to whom it is destined. The gates are opened, and the heroine enters amid *fanfares* of trumpets. She is welcomed by Ozias, the chief of the city, in a great and highly-wrought air, full of energy, demanding a tenor singer of the very highest order. Then follows a trio for Amital, Judith, and Ozias (soprano, contralto, and tenor), which leads without interruption to the first great chorus, the first three solos being continued to the end. It is a strain of joy and thanksgiving, in which the composer has put forth all his contrapuntal strength. We observe that he, like Mendelssohn in his latest works, does not adhere to the scholastic form of fugue-writing. His counterpoint is free and unembarrassed by those technical restraints, while it is strengthened by all the legitimate resources of art. The different parts are of the most skilful and masterly texture, while the solo voices, with which the masses of harmony are blended, stand out in bold and brilliant relief from the choral background. This noble chorus, in short, is a climax worthy of the great work which it brings to a close.

THE "FREE AND EASY."—In whatever condition of life a man may be, if he is at all disposed to ruin himself, he will find society very well disposed to help him. There is, therefore, a 'finish' for the poor as well as the rich. This institution is generally known under the title of the 'Free and Easy.' As you pass down one street you may perhaps read an announcement which runs as follows:—'There will be a Free and Easy at the Cat and Bagpipes every Saturday and Monday evening.' It really is a very captivating invitation. I have a great many engagements of which I should like to shake myself 'free.' I have many troubles and anxieties, and it would be a delightful thing to feel 'easy,' if it were only for half an hour. Suppose, then, we look in at the 'Cat and Bagpipes.' Well, here we are! Nothing to pay—walk in. What a horrid smell of bad tobacco there is! There is such a smoke that one can scarcely see the other end of the room; and what a villainous odor, composed of the combined fumes of porter and gin, beer and brandy! Let us sit down for a few minutes at this table. 'Waiter, take away these dirty glasses, and brush off these cigar ashes.' There, it is a little better now; only some one has been eating nuts, and one can't put one's feet to the ground without cracking the broken shells. 'Silence, gentlemen,

if you please,—the celebrated tenor will now favor the company with "Life on the ocean wave." Puff puff, rises the tobacco smoke, keeping time with the notes of the celebrated singer, who resumes his seat amidst loud cheers. Then up start a couple of waiters—'Your orders, gentlemen, give your orders.' Presently one comes to our table—'What shall I get for you, sir?' 'Nothing, thank you.' 'But every gentleman is expected to take something, sir.' 'Oh, indeed! we thought the admission was free.' 'So it is, but every gentleman (laying emphasis on the last word) is expected to spend a shilling when he comes here.' Well, as we are disposed to see a little more of the Free and Easy, we are obliged to submit. So we order our hot with, or our cold without, as the case may be. At the next table to us are three or four very young men. Indeed, one would have called them boys, if we had not been told that no boys were admitted. Partly because they wish to seem quite at home and used to it, and partly because they are afraid of the waiter, and think that whenever he looks at them they must order something, they have already got more than they can carry, and will have some difficulty in finding their way home. However, silence is called again, because the orders are only coming in slowly, and the company needs to be refreshed with another song. This time it is Madam Squallini, from Her Majesty's Theatre and all the principal concerts in Europe. What a condescending lady must this be to come away from the presence of royalty to amuse the people at the Cat and Bagpipes—in yellow gauze and dirty white kid gloves! However, she takes to it kindly, and there is more applause. Then the same thing goes on over again. More brandy or gin is ordered: the lady gives place to a gentleman who sings a comic song, which every now and then contains some allusion which amazingly amuses the audience, and the more it borders upon indecency the more they are amused. But the place becomes unbearable. Let us go into the fresh air. Look up at those quiet stars; see how in their sublime order and beauty they sail across the nightly sky. Try to lift up your thoughts to that immortality of which they seem to us to be the types, and to the sudden contrast between yon stinking hell and these glorious heavens; ask yourself whether any man with an immortality before him can ever be the better for attending a 'Free and Easy.'—From the Rev. H. W. Parkinson's Lecture in the Public Hall, Rochdale, Eng.

Beethoven's Symphony in A.

This symphony was written when Beethoven was in the zenith of his power, and contains within itself distinctive marks of his transcendent genius in almost every feature that can give sublimity and beauty to instrumental music.

It dates about 1813, having been first performed at a concert given at Vienna, in December of that year, for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau.

The symphony opens with an introduction of great grandeur, in which the melody, the modulations, and the orchestral features successively dispute the interest with each other. It commences with one of those effects of instrumentation of which Beethoven is incontestably the creator: the full orchestra strikes a strong and sharp chord, leaving suspended, during the silence which succeeded, a single hautboy that has entered, unperceived, in the preceding crash, and which goes on to develop a sustained melody.

It is impossible to conceive a commencement more original. Repetitions of the sharp chords ensue, again and again; after each of which, the *legato* theme grows, by added parts, till it attains a full harmony, when it gives place to a new feature, namely: a series of *staccato* scale passages in semi-quavers for the stringed band, accompanied or interspersed with fragments of the melody first heard, and modulating by various gradations into the key of C, where it is interrupted by a plaintive, touching theme, simple in itself, but richly harmonized. The stately *staccato* passages of scales again march suddenly in, with fuller accompaniments than before, and again give way to a repetition of the plaintive melody in the key of F, ending, after a prolonged and tantalizing *crescendo* on the tonic chord of this key, on an E, struck *fortissimo* in unison by the whole band. This note, subsequently kept very prominent, is first ornamented with fragments of the original melody, and then becomes the subject of a *jeu de timbres* between the violins and wind instruments, analogous to that in the finale in the Sinfonia Eroica. It is tossed about from one band to the other for six bars, changing its aspect every time, until at last, retained by the hautboy and flute, it serves to connect the introduction to the *allegro*, and becomes the first note of the principal theme, of which it gradually defines the rhythmical form. We have called particular attention to this magnificent introduction, as it is in movements of this

character that the power of great composers is frequently most displayed. The one here referred to, and the opening *largo* to Mozart's piano-forte and wind instrument quintet in E flat, may be instanced as standing at the very pinnacle of musical excellence—worthy rivals to each other, but altogether unapproached by any efforts of less gifted minds.

The theme of the *Allegro* has often been reproached for its rustic *naïveté* and want of dignity. This probably would not have been the case, had its author written in great letters on his page, as in the pastorate, "Rondo of Peasants." If there are some critics who dislike being pre-informed of the subject treated by the musician, there are others, on the contrary, always disposed to receive ungraciously everything that is presented to them in a strange dress, unless they are told beforehand the reason of the anomaly.

The phrase in question has a rhythm strongly marked, which, passing afterwards into the harmony, is reproduced under a multitude of aspects, scarcely ceasing its measured march until the end—a determined employment of rhythmical form which has never been attempted on such an extensive scale elsewhere; although in minor pieces—as, for example, in Schubert's songs—the idea frequently appears. This *allegro*, of which the extensive developments run constantly upon the same idea, is treated with such incredible skill—the changes of key are so frequent and so ingenious—the harmonic and other technical features so novel and often so bold—that the movement finishes before the attention and lively emotion which it excites in the audience have at all abated.

An instance of the wonderful manner in which true genius can triumph over rule, is furnished by the daring resolution, near the end of the first part, of the chord A, C sharp, E, and F sharp, upon A, C natural, and F natural, and which, though it is impossible to find any satisfactory warrant for it on theoretical grounds, offers no unpleasant effect to the ear. Probably, however, this is, in a great measure, due to the skillful change of instrumental coloring that accompanies the transition.

The symphony is peculiarly celebrated for its *Andante*. The principal cause of the profound sensations excited by this extraordinary movement lies also in the rhythm—a rhythm as simple as that of the *Allegro*, but of a form perfectly different. It consists merely of a dactyl followed by a spondee, and repeated incessantly; sometimes in several parts, sometimes in one only; sometimes serving as an accompaniment, sometimes concentrating the attention on itself, and sometimes forming the subject of a fugue. It appears first, after two bars of sustained harmony, on the low strings of the violas, violoncellos, and double basses, *nursed by a piano and pianissimo* full of melancholy; thence it passes to the second violins, while the violoncellos and violas sing a pathetic lamentation of an inexpressibly touching character.

The rhythmical phrase, ascending continually from one octave to another, arrives at the first violins, which pass it, by a *crescendo*, to the full force of the wind instruments of the orchestra, while the plaintive theme still accompanying it, but now given out with extreme energy, assumes the character of a convulsive, heart-rending wail. To this succeeds an ethereal melody, pure, simple, sweet, and resigned.

The basses alone continue their inexorable rhythm under this melodious bow in the clouds; it is, to borrow a citation from the poet,

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

The violins finish by a few *pizzicato* notes scarcely perceptible; after which, suddenly reviving like the flame of an expiring lamp, the wind instruments breathe the same mysterious harmony they commenced with, and—

"the rest is silence."

It is not improbable that this wonderful, pathetic movement may have been intended by Beethoven to portray his own feelings under the terrible calamity that afflicted him: the only part of this symphony that its unfortunate composer ever heard, was the roll of the drums!

The *Scherzo* modulates in a manner altogether new. Its original key is F; and the first part, instead of passing, as is usual, into a key related to this, terminates in A major. The *Scherzo* of the pastoral symphony, also in F, ends somewhat analogously in D major, and there are other affinities between the two.

The trio is one of the most remarkable and original morceaux which ever proceeded from Beethoven's pen. At the close of the *Scherzo*, on a unison passage in F an A, occurring quite naturally, and without any appearance of design, is suddenly held by the whole band; transfixed, congealed, as it were, like the sleeping beauty; and is retained through the whole of the following movement, one hundred and thirty bars long, without cessation. After four bars

of the single note, a lovely melody in D major creeps in, the time being considerably slackened to give the change more effect; this is repeated with a slight reinforcement, after which a second part is introduced leading to a repetition of the first part *fortissimo*. The management of the retained A throughout this time is effected with consummate art; the composer knew well that so long a retention would be apt, after a while, to pall upon the ear, and lose its effect, unless the auditor were occasionally reminded anew of the presence of the note; and this is effected by making it play on a few neighboring grace notes in the intervals between the various phrases of the accompanying melody. Again, the note is at first taken for some time in octaves by the first and second violins; but in the second part a low A is added on one of the horns; and, oddly enough, this added note does not remain steady, but throbs occasionally—*winks*, as it were, every other bar—upon the G sharp below it, signalling, as plainly as if it spoke, to the audience, "Mark me well."

After the end of the second part, where a *crescendo* interposes to pass to the *forte da capo*, this throbbing becomes accelerated, and takes a most extraordinary form, beating a binary rhythm against the triple time of the other parts, and strongly accentuating the accidental G sharp instead of the essential note itself, as if apparently to throw the latter into the shade; but, in reality, with such marvellous skill as to draw attention to it more forcibly than ever.

Meanwhile the other parts make a *crescendo* by a series of bold chords, and the original melody bursts out with the full band—the never-ceasing A being now thrown with startling effect upon the trumpets and drums. This extraordinary feature never fails to command the astonishment and delight of the audience. The theme of the trio, simple as it is, furnishes a striking example of a melody whose character may be entirely changed by the manner in which it is taken. When first played, smoothly and softly, it is sweet, beautiful, pastoral; when repeated by the full orchestra, it is grand, majestic, sublime. The same remark has been justly made of the fine passage, "The kingdoms of this world," in the Hallelujah Chorus of the "Messiah."

The Finale is not less rich than the preceding movements in novel features, in piquant modulations or in charming fancies. The commencement, a sharp chord of E, struck by the strings, answered instantaneously by the wind instruments, and followed by a dead pause, appears to be designed to call attention to the unusual form of the principal subject, commencing on the same chord.

This theme has some relation to that of the Overture to "Armida;" but it is in the arrangement of the first notes only, and for the eye more than the ear; for, in the execution, nothing can be more unlike than the two ideas. The rhythm here again is peculiar, consisting of an accentuation of the second beat of the bar, so frequent as to form the rule, instead of, as commonly, the exception.

The finale abounds in points worthy the study of the musician. One is the graceful and unexpected effect produced by the frequent sudden transition from the key C sharp minor to that of D major. Another is the daring introduction of a B natural, strongly accented and doubled upon the chord F sharp, A, B sharp, and D sharp, with C sharp as a pedal bass.

A third is the unwonted close of the first member of the movement in C sharp minor instead of in E, as rule would prescribe. But the greatest marvel is the *coda*. After the first or preliminary cadence, a few chords prepare the way for a most elaborate working of the first phrase of the theme, repeated in every bar for fifty-six bars together, and accompanied by combinations of the most striking originality. After a few introductory limitations, on simple harmonies, the basses, taking the subject on the upper E, commence a long descent, continued first diatonically through a twelfth to the low A, where the feature changes to a chromatic form; G sharp and E are taken alternately for a few measures; then G and A flat, then G and F sharp, and so on; the descent gradually progressing a semitone every three or four bars, till it reaches E and D sharp, which continue for a long time; the E forming a pedal note, embroidered, as it were, by the continued alternation of the semitone below in equal measure. All the while the violins keep up an increasing reiteration of the subject in various keys, accompanied in corresponding harmonies by the wind band, and gradually rising *sempre più forte* on the grand pedal point above named. Here the chord of the seventh frequently occurs, so that the D natural of the upper parts finds itself directly opposed to the D sharp taken by the basses—a daring harmonic experiment; yet so perfectly calculated, that not the slightest discordance results, each note performing its own office without interfering in the least with the other. Half way through the pedal point, the violins throw off impatiently the trammels

of the figure that had so long bound them, and burst off into a series of the most brilliant passages; the basses still keep steady for some time to their E, but at last can no longer resist sharing in the jubilee of the rest of the orchestra; and the whole comes to a conclusion with an overpowering *clat*—an ending worthy of such a master-piece of genius, imagination, feeling, and technical skill.

In the present age of musical taste and discernment, when it is difficult to listen to this symphony without a feeling akin to worship of the genius that could create such a series of gigantic conceptions, how strange does it appear to be reminded, that when it was first produced, a man no less great and true than Carl Maria Von Weber wrote "that the extravagances of genius had reached their *non plus ultra*, and that the author of such a symphony was fully ripe for a mad-house!" And yet we do not think a whit the worse of Weber for his judgment; it only proves to us how much Beethoven was in advance of his time.

New Philharmonic Analytical Programme.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 28, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: *The Praise of Friendship*, by MOZART. This beautiful composition is a true musical inspiration of the social sentiment, and suited to many a happy gathering of friends. So far as we are informed, it has been until now, like many other noble works of Mozart, wholly unknown in this country. The first four pages of it got into last week's paper prematurely, by mistake, and therefore without editorial introduction; we had intended to continue the *Lucrezia Borgia* arrangement last week, and commence the Mozart Cantata this week. One more instalment of four pages will complete it, when we shall again address our selection to the Italian side of the house.

The Cantata: *Praise of Friendship* consists of a chorus, written for two tenors and bass, but practicable for soprano and contralto; recitatives and two arias for tenor (or soprano), and a repetition of the chorus at the end. The bass part is printed in the G cleff, like the others, which will make it the more readable for a contralto. We have translated the German words as faithfully as we could, but it has involved some awkwardness in the recitative portions, which a good recitativist will know how to tutor to some sort of grace. There is nothing which requires more taste and judgment than to deliver a long piece of recitative expressively.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We suspend, for the present, our translations from HENRI HEINE's musical notes in Paris, hoping to give another course of them at some future time. They are a strange mixture of good and bad, but all original and bright and readable, and characteristic of the man, who did not have such wit and sharp acumen save at the expense of too much acid in his nature—or rather in his acquired morbid temper, for he was a true poet, one of the sweet singers from the heart, and therefore we are bound to believe him good at bottom. The most delicate and sympathetic natures, those peculiarly strung for finest harmony, are just those which in false circumstances are most easily and cryingly thrown out of tune. Many things which we have so far translated we do not like at all, so far as opinion and tone of feeling are concerned. That melancholy, and we must say cruel picture of Spontini in his morbid last days, would be too bad without an offset, showing the composer of the *Vestale* on his bright and truest side; and such an offset we intend to give. Then, too, that last, about Jenny

Lind, was altogether flippant and in a sneering and unworthy tone, which made it an act of self-mortification to translate it; but we thought it best to complete what we had begun, and let the bright, cold satirist flash all his colors under a musical sun. As to his sins against Mendelssohn, we turn him over to the *London Musical World*. And we take this occasion again, for the hundredth time, to remind our readers, especially all sensitive musicians—Germans, Italians, natives, psalm-book-makers, or what-not—that our miscellaneous selections in this paper are not by any means confined to views that we in all respects endorse; and above all, that whatever we may copy, because it happens to be a bright or clever statement of one side of a matter, we have nothing whatsoever to do with any personalities that may chance to lurk in it. We publish much that is not intended to advise or to direct, but only to inform the reader, leaving it to his own sense and experience to judge about the right and wrong of it.

The musical drought continues, here in Boston, as every where else, except in London, where the deluge is beginning to subside. The concert at Nahant, last Saturday evening, given by Miss FAY, filled the large hall of the hotel full of delighted listeners, judging from the reports that came to us. Mr. BENDLARI's "Echo Song," written expressly for his pupil, seems to have given especial pleasure. The other selections were from the well-known Italian operas of the day, in which Signors BRIGNOLI and AMODIO bore part acceptably as ever. The Promenade Concerts at the Music Hall still attract the crowd. Mrs. MOZART, the singer, lately from Chicago, sang on Monday evening. No doubt the brass bands play well, and some of their pieces come out as well in the bronze form as in any other, but we had rather hear them in the open air. And in the open air we did hear one the other night, under circumstances that made the music highly edifying. We chanced to be sitting with friends in Jamaica Plain, on an airy, rocky height, among the hemlocks, under the full moon, when from a neighboring height, about half a mile off, came suddenly the sounds of a brass band,—a richly-harmonized and animated quickstep; the tones were finely blended and in perfect tune, and sank and swelled upon the air, with magical effect. After a pause, in softer tones, came the ever delicious Minuet and Trio of Maskers from *Don Giovanni* (that is the music for a band by moonlight!); then a galop, or a quickstep, clearly and daintily staccatoed; then Schubert's *Lob der Thränen* (Praise of Tears), quite feelingly discoursed. What more we cannot say, as the inexorable train came to bear us back among our native bricks, not altogether so romantic as those Roxbury plum-pudding rocks by moonlight. It was our Boston Brigade Band that made the music, and the people of Jamaica Plain do well to secure to themselves a series of such entertainments for the summer nights.

We ought to have "a solemn music"—not in the sense of mournful, but of noble, grand, and edifying—as a part of our part in all-the-world's Atlantic Cable celebration on the first of September. Perhaps we shall have, but we do not hear of any marshalling of orchestral or choral forces. Brass bands, of course, will do their part. But certainly at such a time we ought to be prepared to have the Choral Symphony of Beethoven—that great Symphony of Joy, which sings of the embrace of all the myriads of mankind; and we ought to have Haydn's Chorus: "Achieved is the glorious work" and some of the great choruses "of Handel," to say the least, besides what may be achieved in the open air on our illuminated Common. We will not go so far as our brethren in England, who doubtless will not be content without several courses of whole oratorios; but something of the grandest that the Art of Tones has given us for an inheritance ought surely to be brought out with swelling hearts on that day. We

see that in New York the Harmonic Society are to take charge of the musical exercises upon that occasion: will not our Handel and Haydn Society do likewise?

Two of our most valued musicians and pianists, OTTO DRESSEL and J. TRENKLE, took passage by the Niagara, on Wednesday, for Europe; and both, we regret to say, for the same cause, ill health. It is their intention to be gone but three months, spending most of their time in Leipsic and other musical cities of their Fatherland, and to return to their Boston friends and pupils by the first of December. May they come full of new life, for we cannot spare such as these! . . . We have just a line from our friend, A. W. T., written August 6th, on board ship, off the coast of England, after a month's passage by sailing packet. He was well, and our readers will soon hear from him in Germany.

We receive a great many programmes of musical exhibitions of seminaries and academies—mostly of the *monster* order—in which a great parade is made of tinkling, trifling pieces played on six or ten pianos at once, as if a fly seen through a forty-fold magnifier were still anything but a fly. It is pleasant to see any thing so much in contrast with this ambitious nonsense as a programme sent us of the music performed at a recent exhibition of the Williston Seminary at East Hampton, in this State. These were the pieces: Turkish March, from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (for Organ); Four-part Song, "On the Sea," Mendelssohn; Do., "Student's Song," Mendelssohn; Duet, "While the Dew," &c., Weigl; Four-part Song, "The Nightingale," Mendelssohn; Five-part Song, "Life's Pleasures," F. Hiller; Four-part Song, "May Song," Robert Franz; Allegro from Mendelssohn's first organ Sonata; Chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," from Handel's "Samson." Mr. E. S. HOADLEY, who is at the head of the musical department at the Seminary, must have the credit of this. We are told that the programme does not vary much in character from those of several years past.

Would not the New York *Atlas* have done well to inform its readers where it got the translation from Henri Heine about Meyerbeer, which it was "compelled from sheer lack of musical material to scissor" for their benefit this week? This ex-scissor-izer, by the way, endorses Heine's estimate of Vieuxtemps, which is more than we can do. . . . Mr. J. R. MILLER proposes, in the course of a week to bring out, in this city, the new juvenile Cantata, called "The Haymakers," composed by GEORGE F. ROOT, in the same simple and graceful semi-dramatic style with his very popular "Flower Queen." A numerous and well-selected choir of fresh young voices are in training for it, and it will be given in the Music Hall in a manner to charm the eye as well as ear. . . . A new work, by Mr. G. W. STRATTON, the Manchester (N. H.) composer, has been performed four times lately in that city, to the general satisfaction. It is a children's Cantata, called "The Fairy Grotto," and consists of songs, duets, and choruses, to the number of thirty-five.

A rather peculiar anecdote is told of Vivier, the horn player and friend of Rossini. It is said to be of very recent occurrence in Lisbon. Count de Farrabo a rich grandee, requested the artist to play at a private soirée given by the Count, and accompanied his request by a rich and valuable present. The next day, Vivier inserted the following notice in one of the journals: "M. Vivier never accepts presents, however beautiful they may be; his price for playing at a private party is 1,000 francs." On the day following, in the same journal, appeared this note: "Count de Farrabo has sent a check for 1,000 francs to M. Vivier, the horn player, and would now request the latter to transfer the present to his servant." It is said that M. Vivier's laugh changed to the other side of his *embouchure*.

Musical Review.

One Hundred Songs of Scotland. Music and Words. Boston. O. Ditson & Co. pp. 64. 8vo.

The dry musical soil, especially where the hot Verdi sun has parched it, needs perpetual re-moistening from fresh springs of melody. The wild people's melodies are always refreshing, and none more so than the melodies of Scotland. We are glad to see a hundred of the best of them collected here in a cheap, convenient, popular form, and presented just as they are, in their naked original shape, nothing but the pure melodies, without accompaniment or harmony, and with the genuine lyric words, mostly from Burns, with which they have become indissolubly associated.

New Songs by Francis Boott.

We had intended sooner to express our pleasure in the receipt of a second number of "Florence," and gladly give place to the following communication:

Will you allow an old friend of Mr. Boott's to express his pleasure at seeing a second number of "Florence," (a collection of six songs by him,) published and for sale by O. Ditson. Mr. Boott's ballads are particularly well adapted for parlor music, the words being always well selected, and married felicitously to the melody, and (rather a rare virtue in English songs,) never offending against taste. We were sorry to find the Cavalier song published without the chorus, which is not only a dashing and loyal outburst of cavalierism, but, being in the *stile fugato*, is according to the canons of counterpoint. At the concert, given not long since, at Cambridge, by the Pierian Sodality, this was sung by the fresh, manly voices of the students with great spirit and effect. The "Three Fishers" is very dramatic.

Miss Cushman, who gives great effect to the "Sands of Dee," suggested to Mr. Boott to set these remarkable words to music. "Winter" is a very lively air, with very lively words by S. G. Goodrich. "The Mahogany Tree" is an excellent college song. "Flow, freshly flow," is a beautiful tenor song; the air is sweet and harmonious, and the words—by Meredith—very musical.

The "Black Friar" is a most effective bass song, the accompaniment being rather more elaborate than Mr. Boott's usually are.

We wish our countryman success, and do not doubt that in time, and in spite of the little encouragement given in America to native talent, his charming songs will find their way into our New England homes, where they must be welcome for their sweetness, delicacy, and moderate difficulty.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG. 23.—By the *Arabia*, last week, came Mons. and Madame GASSIER, with a new tenor named PIERINI, all engaged by MARETZEK for the season that opens on the 30th. Madame Gassier, I am sure, will please our public, and I shall be on hand on the occasion of her debut.

The Jones's Wood Festival has dragged its slow length along, and at last expired, yesterday, in a blaze of glory, with a series of grand Sunday concerts, the programmes of which may not be uninteresting:

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

Commencing at 2 1/2 o'clock.
Overture, L. van Beethoven. Air—"Stabat Mater," (Washington Band, leader, Mr. ARREX.) Rossini. Chorus—"The Heavens are Telling," (Creation.) Haydn. Air—"Pro Pectus," (Stabat Mater,) Rossini. Mr. Weinlich. Chorus—"A Firm Rock is our Lord," Martin Luther. Grand Polymelos, Zulehner.

PROGRAMME OF SECOND CONCERT.

Commencing at 4 1/2 o'clock.
Priest's March, Mozart. Air, with Chorus, Mozart, Mr. Weinlich and Chorus. Miserere, (Shelton's Band, leader, Mr. Grafulla.) Verdi. Air, (St. Paul,) Mendelssohn. Chorus, "The Lord's Day," Kreutzer, the Singing Societies. "Hallelujah," (the Messiah,) Handel.

PROGRAMME OF THIRD CONCERT.

Commencing at 6 1/2 o'clock.
Priest's March, (Athalie,) Mendelssohn. Chorus—"The Chapel," Kreutzer, the Singing Societies. Preghiera, (Moe,) Rossini. Chorus—"Good Night," Marschner, the Singing Societies. Grand Finale, Zulehner.

The daily papers are teeming with the advertisements of Marezek's new opera troupe. We are to have German operas given by resident artists, and the musical season promises to be brisk.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 24.—What think you, most worthy Journal,—we, too, have hedged in a romantic tract of woodland, and have worshipped, simultaneously, Gambrius and the sacred Nine, beneath the foliage-canopy of time-honored oaks and elms.—George Hood, formerly an attaché of the Academy of Music, and a tall, gaunt specimen of the *genus homo*, with a luminous pair of optics, having "fared sumptuously every day" at Jones's Woods, New York, (whereof pleasingly and ably discoursed your talented "Trovator," last week,) imbibed, amid sundry glasses of beer, the idea of a *Fête Champêtre* for his own city. Alas! it grieves me to be compelled to term it a *Fizzle Champêtre*, for even so it has proved.

In essaying to follow in the wake of your Troubadour, with a description of this sylvan humbug, I beg you humbly,

If, perchance, I fall below
Your "Trovator" or Cicero;
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

To "Price's Woods," then, with me, Mr. Dwight, for in that shady grove, hard by the terminus of the West Philadelphia Passenger Railway, was your humble correspondent, Manrico, in company with about two hundred and seventy-five other noodles, Hood-winked in the most amusing manner. The grand entrance to the grounds consisted of a high, exceedingly rough board fence, the splinters whereof ripped apart crinoline, and (let me whisper this into your editorial ear,) in some cases even pierced the delicate limbs of the Teutonic maidens who followed the handful of Turners to the spot. Poised above the enclosure, stood two immense daubs on canvas, representing severally the *Niagara* at Trinity Bay, and the *Agamemnon* at Valentin ditto—splendid specimens of that peculiar style of Art which seems to be especially fostered in our own America, and which furnishes us with classic heads, rampant roosters and sly coons, in our political processions.

Inside of the grounds, upon two distinct, hastily-erected platforms, sat a brace of brass bands, which alternately and inhumanly butchered Donizetti and Stephen C. Foster, until the very police twitched their stars nervously, and seemed disposed to end these cruelties by the arrest of all the "blowers."

Suddenly a handful of linen-roundabouted Turners entered the wood, with the measured tread of men who seemed desirous of displaying their superior discipline to an anticipated crowd of great immensity. Spirit of Momus! When the acrobats gazed over the beauteous grove, and in lieu of the masses which their own enthusiasm had led them to expect, and the mammoth posters had promised, beheld the diminutive groups fringing the bases of the trees, they exchanged glances of unqualified surprise, stroked their beards facetiously, disband, and were soon perceived to be zealously worshipping at the shrine of Gambrius. Now, too, did the clerk of the weather frown upon the undertaking, for, as each hour of the afternoon winged its way into the past, the breezes, which came wafted through the woodland, became more October-like, freshening the ruddy complexions of the German damsels, and quickening the motions of those who had cast themselves upon the sward for an Arcadian lounge—"sub tegmine fagi." Then the Turners mounted a platform, and vocalized one of their stirring choruses; but alas! their wonted precision and proverbial enthusiasm paled before the general disappointment. Some of the visitors amused themselves by firing at target, to the infinite peril of those who interestedly looked on, standing in lines ten or twelve feet apart from the range of sight, little realizing how soon a shot from some Winkle might pierce and deface their physiognomies.

A few of the females took to the dancing floors, and wooed Terpsichore with as much zeal as their lovers and brothers had manifested toward Gambrius. Gradually little knots of persons were to be seen leaving the grounds, glancing at the ticket-seller with looks, which seemed unmistakably to say, "I wish I had my quarter back." Your correspondent, Manrico, and two Southern gentlemen who accompanied him, at this juncture, also vacated the premises, admiring the endurance of those who seemed disposed to remain longer. The Bills also announced a grand pyrotechnic display to come off between 8 and 10 P. M. A friend at my elbow declares this feature to have consisted of three ordinary rockets, which served no farther purpose than to light up, momentarily, a few leaves, as the sparks whizzed through the dense foliage.

Supper, too, on a grand scale, constituted a prominent feature in the promises of the posters. Shade of Epicurus! there was nought provided but a few leviathan junks of cold ham, trimmed with what may perchance have been parsley, but what in reality seemed more akin to diminutive pieces of green ribbon, cut into fantastic shapes.

To-day, the leading Journals display the following in huge type:

"Immense success of the Fête Champêtre!"

"Price's woods!"

"Over 10,000 persons present!"

"To be continued for two more days."

You should have seen my mouth grow wider, when I perused the above.

Decidedly the most unique and pleasing musical feature of the whole affair, to me, was a quasi *symphonie naturelle*, à la Midsummer Night's Dream, which was improvised in the fields adjacent to the woods, by multitudinous beetles, grasshoppers, frogs, bees, and birds, varied ever and anon by the bray of some overworked mule or donkey on the railway hard by. I heaved a profound sigh to the memory of the illustrious Mendelssohn, and returned to bricks and mortar. MANRICO.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The extra season, at reduced prices, closed Saturday, August 7. The operas of the week were *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Zingara* (Balfé's "Bohemian Girl"), *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and *La Traviata*. The principal singers were Mlles. Titjens and Piccolomini, Mme. Alboni, Signors Giuglini, Belletti, Beneventano, Viaretti, Rossi, and Aldighieri. The preceding week was somewhat better in the quality of musical pabulum it offered: viz., *Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere*, and *La Serva Padrona*, in addition to the *Trovatore*. Mlle. Titjens had left for Vienna; Piccolomini and Giuglini went to Dublin.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Don Giovanni*, with Mario as the Don, and a great cast altogether, was the one event of the last week in July. A fuller account of it will be found on our first page. *Zampa* was announced for the week following.

The English Festivals.

BIRMINGHAM.—The great triennial Festival will be held on August 31, September 1, 2, and 3. The principal vocalists are Mme. Clara Novello, Mlle. Victoire Balfé, Mme. Castellan, Mme. Alboni, Miss Dolby, Mme. Viardot Garcia; Signors Tamberlik, Ronconi, and Belletti, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, and Weiss. Organist, Mr. Stimpson; Conductor, Mr. Costa. The programme for the day and evening performances offers about as rich a four days' full as one could wish, to wit:

Tuesday Morning—Elijah; Mendelssohn.

Wednesday Morning—Eli; Costa.

Thursday Morning—Messiah; Handel.

Friday Morning—Judith, (A New Oratorio), Henry Leslie. Lauda Sion; Mendelssohn. Service in C; Beethoven.

Tuesday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture (Siege of Corinth); Rossini. Aids and Galates, (With additional Accompaniments by Costa); Handel. Overture, (Der Freyschütz); Weber. Selections from Operas, &c. Overture, (Fra Diavolo); Auber.

Wednesday Evening—A miscellaneous Concert, comprising Symphony, (Jupiter); Mozart. Cantata, (To the Sons of Art); Mendelssohn. Overture, (Guillaume Tell); Rossini. Selections from Operas, &c. Overture, (Zampa); Herold.

Thursday Evening—A miscellaneous Concert, comprising The Scotch Symphony, (in A minor); Mendelssohn. Serenata (Composed for the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal); Costa. Overture, (Alchymist); Spohr. Selections from operas, &c. Overture, (Euryanthe); Weber.

Friday Evening—A full dress Ball.

LEEDS.—Here the Festival (in aid of the General Infirmary) will be held in the New Town Hall, four days, commencing Sept. 7. Principal performers: Clara Novello, Mrs. Sunderland, Mme. Weiss, Mme. Alboni, Mlle. Piccolomini, Misses Whitham, Walker, Palmer, Freeman and Crosland; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Inkersall, Cooper, Weiss, Santley, Winn, Hinchcliffe; Signors Giuglini, Rossi and Viaretti. Solo pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard. Organists, Henry Smart and William Spark; Choral master, R. S. Burton; Conductor, W. Sterndale Bennett.

The programme for the week is even richer than that for Birmingham; as follows:

Tuesday Morning: Elijah—Mendelssohn. Wednesday Morning: The Seasons (Spring and Summer)—Haydn. Organ Performance. Israel in Egypt (with Organ accompaniments by Mendelssohn)—Handel. Thursday Morning: Stabat Mater—Rossini. Selections from the "Passion Musik" (According to the text of St. Matthew)—J. Sebastian Bach. Organ performance. Mount of Olives (Engel)—Beethoven. Friday Morning: Messiah (with Mozart's accompaniments) Handel.

Tuesday Evening—Miscellaneous Concert: Symphony (C major)—Mozart. Selections from operas, choral pieces, &c. Concerto for Piano-forte (G minor), Miss Arabella Goddard—Mendelssohn. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Tempest)—Hatten. A Pastoral, "The May Queen," M. S. (the poetry by Henry F. Chorley, Esq.)—W. Sterndale Bennett. Solo, Violin. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Jessonda)—Spohr.

Wednesday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert. Overture (Zauberflöte)—Mozart. Selections from operas, &c. Caprice, piano-forte, with orchestral accompaniments, Miss Arabella Goddard—Bennett. Selections from operas, &c. Symphony, the Scotch (A minor) Mendelssohn. Overture (en Suite), J. Seb. Bach. Selections from operas, &c. Solo, piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Selections, &c. Overture, (Oberon), Weber.

Thursday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert. Symphony (J), Beethoven. Selections from operas, &c. Concert Stück, piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard, Weber. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Jules of Fingal), Mendelssohn. Overture (Guillaume Tell), Rossini. Selections from operas, &c. Septet, by the Principal Orchestral Performers. Beethoven Selections, &c. Fantasia, piano-forte. Overture (Jubilee), Weber.

HEREFORD.—The 135th meeting of the three choirs (Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester), comes off Aug. 24, 25, 26, and 27.

At the service on Tuesday, the following musical pieces will be introduced: Overture, Last Judgment, Spohr; Preces, Responses, and Chant La Venite. Tallis; Palma, Chant, G. Townsend Smith; Grand Dettigen to Deum, Handel; Jubilate, G. Townsend Smith; Anthem, from Last Judgment, Spohr; Psalm XLII, Mendelssohn; Anthem, "The Lord is the true God," Rev. Sir F. A. Ousley, Bart. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Archdeacon Waring. On Wednesday morning, Mendelssohn's oratorio, Elijah, is to be given; on Thursday morning, a selection from Mendelssohn's Athaliah, Rossini's Stabat Mater, and Haydn's oratorio, the Creation. On Friday morning, according to invariable custom, the Messiah.

The evening concert, as heretofore, will be held in the Shire Hall. The programme of Tuesday evening, among other less important pieces, contains the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, selections from La Clemenza di Tito, and the overture to Guillaume Tell.

Wednesday evening, will bring the overtures to Oberon and Zampa, and selections from Lucresia Borgia.

Thursday evening, a selection from Rossini's Semiramide, including the overture, and Beethoven's symphony in C minor.

On Friday night a dress ball at the Shire Hall will bring the Festival to a close.

The principal vocalists comprise Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, Clara Hepworth, and Viardot; Misses Louisa Vining and Lancelotti; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, T. Barnby, Thomas and Weiss; Conductor, Mr. G. Townsend Smith, organist of the Cathedral.

Paris.

The London *Athenaeum* gleams the following musical news of the gay metropolis:

An Indian *ballet* on the subject of *Sakontala*, with music by M. Ernest Reyher, has just been produced at the Grand Opéra of Paris. 'Sapho' (we are told, with reconsiderations of the libretto,) was revived there on Monday last. We trust that such revival will imply the publication of the music. Meanwhile those who have from the first believed in M. Gounod as a composer, are justified in asking those who are hot and hasty in denial of his ever becoming one, what is to be made of such a fact as this? and in referring them to times past, when we ventured from history to say—in defence of our belief—that the first failure of 'Fidelio' on the stage did not imply the utter annihilation of Beethoven's first and only opera. 'Le Moulin du Roi' is the title of M. Adrien Boieldieu's new opera, which has just been given by Benazet to the frequenters of Baden-Baden, the part of the heroine by Madame Miolan-Carvalho. It may therefore, we imagine, form one of the novelties of the Théâtre Lyrique during the coming season, though the report grows that the lady absolutely intends to transfer herself to the Grand Opéra (a dangerous measure, be the temptation ever so golden), taking there with her M. Gounod's 'Faust', in which she will be the Marguerite. The difficulties of "the Last Judgment" as the subject of a grand opera (which by the way, it is stated, was originally suggested by Michael Angelo's Sistine picture) are said to have been overcome by converting its story into "the Last Days of Herculaneum." The novelty of the time at the Opéra Comique, a theatre in a most sickly plight, is a coming (if not come) revival of Grétry's 'Les Méprises par ressemblance,' a work not played for these thirty-six years past, and in which Madame Cassimir, who took leave of the Opéra Comique some twenty years ago, is to re-appear.

Those "simmerings" may be heard which are used to prepare the public ear for the bubbling, boiling, and final projection of a novelty from M. Meyerbeer's enchanted cauldron. It is stated that he has not opposed (as he has been credited with doing) the production of 'Les Blancs et les Bleus,' a coming work by M. Limnander, until his own work (which is analogous in point of scenery) has been disposed of. They manage some matters more honorably in France than we do here,—for instance stage-remuneration. The extraordinary success of 'Le Nozze' at the Théâtre Lyrique has been duly recorded. Our contemporaries now state that the Society of Dramatic Authors has claimed Mozart's rights to profit from the performances, and has forwarded the sum accruing to his surviving son, who is now resident at Milan.

WEIMAR.—The Grand-Ducal Theatre, which closed on the first of July, will open on the third of October, with Gluck's *Alceste*, under the direction of Liszt.

VIENNA.—The operas announced in the programme of the coming German opera season at the Karntner Thor Theatre are Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin*; Mozart's *Schauspiel Director*; Mendelssohn's *operetta, Son and Stranger*; Adam's *Chalet*; and *La Reine Topaze*.

ZURICH.—The Federal Musical Fête, which has just taken place here, drew together an immense concourse of people. The Choral Society of Strasburg was received with acclamations, and, as well as the Swiss Harmonic Society of Paris, received a first class prize.

MUNICH.—Musical libraries seem to be in the market. That of Prof. Thibaut of Heidelberg, well known to students of the art, has lately been secured by the Royal Library at Munich,—a capital which, for some twenty years past, has had small musical importance in Germany. Among other Munich news, however, is the death of Pellegrini, a singer attached to the theatre for something like half-a-century, and who (if we mistake not) was among that memorable company brought hither by Mr. Monck Mason, who did so much towards making London acquainted with German opera. Lastly, we are apprised that the seven-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the town is to be celebrated in the capital of Bavaria in September, and in part by grand concerts fixed for the 25th and 29th of that month. This, let us note for the guidance of autumn tourists, will fall out a few days before the *Volksfest* of October (one of the most characteristic gatherings to be seen on this side of the Alps) falls in. But who will answer for the tourist, be he *fanatico*, hearing a note of German music on such an occasion? We observe that the close of the theatre in Dr. Spohr's capital of Cassel this year was marked by performances of M. von Flotow's "Stradella" and A. Adam's "Postillon de Longjumeau." So much for nationality, past, present, or future!—*Athenaeum*.

PESTH.—Liszt is engaged to write a religious composition in honor of Saint Elizabeth, of Hungary, to be executed by the Stephan Society.

PRAGUE.—The performance of Louis Spohr's *Jessonda* at the Jubilee, under the personal and admirably energetic direction of the talented composer, proved in a truly enthusiastic manner how much Prague appreciates and honors him. Immediately he took his place at his desk, which was adorned with laurel, in the midst of the members of the orchestra, all in full dress to do honor to the occasion, a thousand welcomes and huzzas broke out in the house, which was crowded to suffocation. Every opportunity, however slight, that the performance offered, was seized on with the greatest avidity to express the extraordinary sympathy of the audience for this father of German music. After almost every scene Spohr's name was heard. The *Salam* duet had to be repeated, and from that point the enthusiasm increased. After the second act the composer was called forward, and was also obliged to appear at the conclusion of the opera, in obedience to a summons which lasted several minutes. The ovation reached its culminating point when Herr Thomé advanced and placed a wreath of laurels on the composer's head. The opera was given in its entirety, and the management is deserving of all praise for having done everything to insure a perfect *mise-en-scène*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal.

The Way to Paradise (Le Chemin du Paradis.)

Jacques Blumenthal. 25

A fine Ballad, by this eminent Pianist, in a kind of melo-dramatic style, which has won for Signor Mario most of his laurels in his late concerts. It is finely adapted for a mezzo-soprano voice or a high baritone, with French and English text.

O, changed is the Scene round my own Loved Home. Crosby. 30

A simple little song of much beauty, by the author of that charming favorite, "Minnie Clyde."

Old Red Cent. Ballad. Alice Hawthorne. 25

One of the best efforts of this popular song writer.

My sister, smiling, passed away. Song.

T. H. Howe. 25

This is a charming little Ballad, which should grace the Piano of every lover of Song.

The Spirit Messenger. Song.

S. Bernhard Huebner. 25

Bright are the Stars. Serenade for Four Voices.

G. W. Stratton. 25

Highly recommended to quartet clubs. Rather easy.

My Heart Beats Quick. Aria. "The Buccaneer." 25

An elaborate Song, in Stratton's new Opera. It is a very fine effort, and will be readily appreciated by all who are familiar with the modern Italian Opera style.

The Adieu. (L'Addio.) Duet. Donizetti. 25

Italian and English words. One of the most charming parlor duets for two female voices that was ever written to Italian words. It is here for the first time presented with an English version. Only moderately difficult.

Beautiful Moonlight. Duet. S. Glover. 30

Melodious and easy. This Duet ranks with Glover's best, and will be as popular as any of them.

Little Dorrit's Love. Macfarren. 25

A simple, little Ballad; and winning melody to touching words.

Instrumental.

Darling Nelly Gray Quickstep. G. B. Ware. 25

A brilliant and effective Military Quickstep, the trio of which is founded on the melody of the popular Song, "Darling Nelly Gray."

Camptown Hornpipe, Silver Moon, My Love is but a Lassie yet, Gordon Blue, Long, Long Ago, Bowld Soger Boy, arranged in an easy manner by T. Bissell. 25

Designed particularly for the Melodeon, but can be used as excellent recreative pieces by the young beginner on the Piano.

Books.

The Masonic Harp. A Collection of Masonic Odes, Hymns, Songs, &c., for the Public and Private Ceremonies and Festivals of the Fraternity. By George W. Chase, K. T., Editor of "The Masonic Journal," &c. 60

The editor of this work has for several years been engaged in collecting materials for a volume that would serve as a complete and practical compilation of Music for the various public and private ceremonies and festivals of the Order, and the result is here presented in a very neat and convenient book of one hundred and sixty duodecimo pages. Every one who examines it will admit that it is far superior to all previous works of the kind. It contains a much larger variety of Odes and Hymns of a devotional character than has heretofore been given; while the complete "Masonic Burial Service," and a "Burial Service for the Orders of Knighthood," will be found not only convenient for such occasions, but to add much to the interest and general effect of such services.

